

getting divorced at such a rate these days.

TURING. Please listen. Please try to understand.

SARA. I'm doing my best.

TURING. The police have discovered that I'm having an affair with a boy. *(Pause; SARA stares at him.)*

SARA. A boy?

TURING. I'm sorry. There's no other way to tell you.

SARA. *(Stares at him.)* A boy...?

TURING. I'm sorry.

SARA. Have you told your brother?

TURING. Yes.

SARA. What did he say?

TURING. Shocked. Terribly shocked.

SARA. Have you always been like this?

TURING. Yes.

SARA. Always?

TURING. Yes.

SARA. But what about that girl you were engaged to? What was her name? Pat.

TURING. I was never engaged to her.

SARA. I thought you loved her.

TURING. I was fond of her. I loved her as a friend.

SARA. Will this affect your career?

TURING. I suppose so.

SARA. How?

TURING. I don't know.

SARA. What's going to happen?

TURING. Well, uh ... there'll be a trial.

SARA. They're sending you to court?

TURING. Yes.

SARA. When?

TURING. Soon. March. The end of March.

SARA. Will you go to prison?

TURING. Possibly.

SARA. (*Gazes at him; she cannot prevent a surge of rage.*) How could you bear to touch a man like that? How could you do such a thing? (*No response; SARA's anger subsides.*) How did the police find out? Did they catch you? Did they find you with this boy?

TURING. I told them. (*TURING gives her a hopeless shrug.*)

SARA. Oh, Alan.

TURING. I'm sorry. (*Pause; SARA stands looking at her son.*)

SARA. What can I do to help?

TURING. (*amazed by this*) Well — nothing.

SARA. There must be something I can do. Let me, please. You look so helpless.

TURING. That's how I feel.

SARA. (*Takes him by the hand.*) Do you remember when you were at Hazelhurst? You must've been about ten or eleven. We'd all been up to Scotland for the summer holidays. Do you remember?

TURING. Yes.

SARA. Daddy went trout-fishing. I sketched. We had picnic teas in the heather. And then we had to go back to India, and you had to go back to school, back to Hazelhurst.

TURING. Yes.

SARA. Do you remember?

TURING. Of course I remember.

SARA. We took a taxi to the school and as we drove

away, you tried to run after us. You ran along the drive after the taxi. Your arms were flung wide; your mouth was open; you were saying something, shouting something, but I couldn't hear what it was. There were some shrubs by the school gates; rhododendrons, I think. It was like a great green curtain being pulled across in front of my eyes. The shrubs hid you from my sight. I couldn't see you any more. For a moment I felt quite breathless with panic. I wanted to jump out of the taxi, run back, and hold you in my arms forever. *(Pause. TURING embraces her.)*

TURING. I had no idea you felt like that. *(They stand for a moment in still silence; then SARA deliberately breaks the mood.)*

SARA. Do come and look at the guest room. I'm so pleased with it. *(SARA Exits.)*

Scene 4

SCENE: LIGHTING change: February; rainy afternoon.

AT RISE: ROSS Enters, carrying a file of papers; he sits at the table.

ROSS. Mr. Turing. Sit down. Make yourself comfortable. *(TURING sits.)* You have to sign this first. Got a pen?

TURING. What is it?